Edinburgh. - Royal Coll of Archers. 4175 a 110

A Short HISTORY,

4175 a 110

To the COMMENDATION of the

ROYAL ARCHERS,

with a Deſcription of Six of the Dukes in *Scotland*, eſpecially *Argile*.

WRITTEN BY THE

Tinklarian DOCTOR

In the Year 1734, in the 65*th* Year of his Age.

With a Deſcription of theſe Great DUKES *in* SCOTLAND.

Printed in the Year 1734.

DEDICATION

To the READER

Dedicated to my great Friends, and alſo to my great Enemies, ye will admire, who is that in all Scotland, *that can be my Enemy, ſeeing I have ſpent my ſelf like a Candle, to give them Light, eſpecially the Clergy. I have done what is in my Power, to keep them out of Hell, theſe* 24 *Years; but ye muſt know, that it is only ſuch, that hath moſt Enemies, it was ſo from the Beginning, and ſhall be ſo to the World's End.*

I dedicate this Hiſtory, to his Grace the royal Duke of Hamilton. *I dedicate alſo a Part of it, to his Grace the loyal Duke of* Buccleugh, *not for their Evil, but for their Good.*

I alſo, dedicate a Part of this Hiſtory, to his Grace the Duke of Argyle, *not for his Good, but for his Evil.*

I muſt not leave you in the Dark, becauſe I was made on Purpoſe, to give this Nation Light. I muſt give you the Reaſons of theſe Dedications.

A ſhort Hiſtory, to the Commendation of the Royal Archers, *&c.*

HIS Grace the Duke of HAMILTOUN, received much of my Light, both in *France* and in *Scotland*, and paid me honourably for it.

But the Duke of *Argyle*, received of my Light, and will pay me nothing for it, ye may ſay, there is no Evil in that? but I ſay, he hath done more Evil to me, than all the Noblemen in theſe three Kingdoms, wherein I have travelled. I ſuffered more Hunger at his Door, than I did all the ſix Days I was in Priſon in *England*.

The King of *Great Britain*, and the King of *France*, and the Gracious Queen of *Britain*, received my Light preſently, when I went to them with it, and gave Orders, to pay me largely for my Light; Her moſt Gracious Majeſty, paid me out of her own Hand, for my Light.

But the Duke of *Argyle*, did let me ſtand at his Gate, near two Days faſting, after he promiſed to receive my Light. This may be a Caution to all Men, never go near his Door, when ye are hungery. I ſent in my Light with his Servant to him, and his Servant told me, that he delivered it to him; but I might have ſtayed till the Day of Judgment, before he would give me either Meat or Drink, neither would he give me back my Light. When I go to the Reſt of the Noblemen, with my Light, they either give me back my Light, or pays me for it, as his Brother did honourably; but *Argyle* will do neither of them. Them that is not a Friend to their own Country, it is impoſſible they can be a Friend to me. It was below my great Spirit, to have ſtood ſo long at his Door, if it had not been for his Good, both that he might keep his Word, and that he might have been inſtructed. But *Solomon* ſays, *Fools hate Inſtruction*: There are many now a Days, that will not be a Slave to their Word.

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What is my Obligation to give him Light for nothing, I might have rather given it to the Lord *Roſeberrie*. becauſe he hath much Need of it; ſome calls him a Fool, but I ſay, he hath beha ed beeter this Year, than many of the Members of Parliament. Children and Fools tell Truth, and that is better than all the Parliamenters Policy and Cunningneſs, which is plain in *Eſau* and *Jacob*, the one is called Cunning, and the other is called Plain. Altho' I be a Fool, I ſay, all that gives Bribes, or takes, deſerves the Gallows, contrair the Light of their Conſciences; wherefore was our Conſcience made, but to acuſe and excuſe us on the great Day; and alſo, made to be one of our Witneſſes, either to ſave us or damn us, according to that Light that is put in our Conſcience This makes it as plain as A, B, C, That many of the Parliamenters, ſhall be Speechles in the Day of Judgment, altho' they be as good Spokes-Men as *Terulus* the. Devil's Orature, which is plain in the Man that wanted the Wading-Garment.

The Application is to the Royal Company of Archers, who is the only honeſt and plain dealing Men, that ſtands up for the Honour and Well-being of this poor Nation; if theſe Men who made the Union, had have had the Archers Spirit, we, to this Day, might have been an happy Nation; whereas, now our Parliamenters are made to go to *England*, to ſpend that Money, which ought to be ſpent in *Scotland*; So I think, according to Reaſon, that there ſhould be no more Taxes laid upon *Scotland*, nor what our Parliamenters ſpends in *England*, and it is all to no Purpoſe, altho' they ſhould Vote all as one Man: It is hard for the *Scots*, to pay the ſame Taxes with the *Engliſh*, ſeei g they are not allowed to ſtay in their own Nation, as the *Engliſhes* are, to ſpend their Money.

I confeſs, the Union is good, by having a free Trade to *America*, if it had been made upon reaſonable Terms, ſo that the King ſhould abide in *Scotland* one Year of three, or the Prince always, then the *Engliſh* would have been as great Fools as the *Scots*, they would have been obliged to come to *Scotland*, and would have have ſpent as much Money in it, as might have paid a great Part

our Taxes; our King hath good Reaſon ſo to do, becauſe it is by *Scotland* they have any Right to the Crown. And if the *Scots* Members of Parliament had the Archers Spirit, they would not ſtirr a Foot out of their own Nation, for all the Powers in *England*, eſpecially at this Time, them that have Wiſdom will know what I Mean, except upon better Terms.

For all the Wit I have, I cannot underſtand what it is that makes them go, except it be for the *Engliſh* Women, and I have tried both the *Scots* and the *Engliſh* Women, and I know no Difference between them, and if any Man know it, I think I ſhould. I think their Wives ſhould Feight to keep their Husbands at Home, all Women ſhould Feight to break this unhappy Plot, and to take off this heavy Yoke that our Fathers have laid upon our Necks, which we can hardly bear. I confeſs the King hath more Soldiers by this Union, but it is hard for a Man to bring up other Mens Children, for Women cannot want more than Men, both the Parliamenters and their Men goes to *England*, and leaves their young Wives behind, which is a great Fault, and if they will go to *England* whether I will or not, then let them take their Wives with them, that they be not a Plague to me.

Now, I muſt crack a while with his Grace the Duke of *Buccluch*, my Lord, you and I is but lately Acquaint, but if your Grace had my Memory it would be otherwiſe, ye may remember fourteen Years ago in *London*, where I came to your Houſe to give you Light at the Foot of *Pelmel* near the King's Houſe, where I gave you ſeveral of my Books into your own Hand in your Coach, wherein ye might have learned Wiſdom, but your Wife being ill nattured like my own Wife, her Grace commanded me to go from the Coach-Door; ſo your Grace could not ſee me to pay me for my Light, at that Time ye was going to the Country, and ye had Six Men guarding you with thick ſhort Guns, for fear of your Purſe, but if ye had my Wiſdom, Knowledge and Underſtanding, ye might have given me all the Money that ye had about you, to make you know the Difference that is between Wiſdom, Knowledge and Underſtanding; there is but few in *Britain* knows it ſave

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my ſelf. I know your Grace hath ſome Wiſdom, Knowledge and Underſtanding, which was made plain this Year. I went out of *Edinburgh* long four Miles to your Grace's Houſe in *Dalkeith*, on Purpoſe to give your Grace Light, and you looked to my Light, but ye could not unnerſtand my Light, ſo your Grace gave me back my Light againſt my Will, yet your Generous, Bounteous and loyal Spirit, payed me honourably for the Offer of my Light.

So I ſhall ſay this to your Grace's Praiſe in my Teſtament, that there is none in your Station in *Britain* that can go beyond you, both for Charity and Humility, which is the two ſure Marks of a *Chriſtian*, I would not believe it, except I had ſeen it, when I was at your Houſe, I told thirty Six poor People that came to it, to have their Dinner, and your Grace gave Orders to Satisfy them all as long as ye Abode there, ſo your Name deſerves to be Chronicled.

I cannot underſtand what the Duke of *Argile* doth with his Meat, for I was like to Starve at his Door, it was told me before I went, that I would get nothing from him, but I could not believe it, now I can write by Experience.

I have read of a Heathen Emperor who ſpake to his Court at Night, and asked of them, what Good have I done to any this Day; and he ſaid alſo to them, if he did not Good to ſome Perſon every Day, that that Day was Loſt.

So ye hear, that there is as much Differrence between *Argile* and a *Heathen*, as is between the Sun and the Moon.

There is many other Noblemen, and Gentlemen, that deſerves to have their Names in my Teſtament, for their Good; but this little Paper will not contain the hundred Part of them, ſuch as Mr. *Baillie* of *Jerviſwood*, and Lord *Haddingtoun*, who received much of my Light at *London*; and Lord *Loudoun Campbell*, and his Honourable Son, is little ſhort of him; but the Lord *Leven*, is far before his Father, and the Duke of *Athol*, and the Duke of *Perth*, and the Duke of *Montroſe*, and the Earl of *Lauderdale*, and the Earl of *Crawford* and the Earl of *Marchmount*, and the late Lord *Grange*, and the Lord *Drummore*, and

the Lord Advocate, and Regent *Burnet* in *Aberdeen*, and Principal *Chambers* there, and Mr. *Ogilvy* Miniſter there; as for Profeſſor *Chambers* there, *Balaam's* Aſs would have underſtood my Light, better nor he doth; and when I offer my Light to ſuch as he, I am caſting my Pearls before Swine; then, how ignorant is theſe Students, who goes to him to be teached. I write theſe Mens Names, not according to their Station, but according to that Light they have received from me. As for Women, I ſee none in all *Scotland*, that hath Light, except the Counteſs of *Wymes*, and the Counteſs of *Eglingtoun*, and the Dutcheſs of *Gorden*. A *Mitchell's* Name, deſerves not to be in my Teſtament, becauſe I have gotten all their Light, eſpecially *Craigend*, and the Gold-Smiths, amd the Deacon of the Tailors; they have much Need to be prayed for. *Amen.*

One Man's Meat, is another Man's Poiſon: Therefore I ſhall write a Dialogue to pleaſe all Parties, between *Jeamie* and *Geordie*, two Sower-Milk Men, at the Court of Guard, *Edinburgh*, by looking to the Sign of a *Mar-Maid*.

J. WHA's bonny Bairn are you, my winſome Dear,
With Aple-Cheeks, and Womb as round's a Pear,

G. Jamie Lad, it may be nae good Manners for to Spear,
[illegible] her Sides and a' her Shoulders bair,
[illegible] fine Comb, for combing down her Hair;

J. Were you ſome older, you would be worth a Pelt,
G. Georgie Lad, ſhe's Fiſh beneath the Belt.

I wonder how ſhe goes into the Kirk,
Or how ſhe keeps her Feet when it is Mirk,

G. Feet, ſint a Feet has ſhe, but two ſweet Hands,
Whitter than Curds, and tight as Willow Wands,
They need no Feet, that's carried in Seadands.

J. Ay Lad, great Folks Bairns is not like ours,
Cakeing a their Coats and Clarting a the Doors:
They Spit their Tea and Croudie at the Mouth,
That gars them be of ſik a feckleſs Grouth,

G. If they Spit Bairns at Mouth like Croudie,
They need not faſh to fetch the Houdie.
Now *Geordie* Lad, I'll tell you e're I Piſh,
The Thing that makes the Laſſes Arſs a' Fiſh,
Her Minny and her Dad hath *Papiſts* been,
They got the fleſhy Part on *Faſtens-even*,
And when the Beef and a the Broſe was ſpent,
They fed on Fiſh, and got the Laſs in *Lent*.

J. As I ſhall anſwer *Geordie* you ding a,
Ye ſhould not been a Herd, but made a Man of Law,
Farewell my bonney Bairn, I hae no mair to ſay,
But when a Fleſh riſes at the Judgment Day,
On half of you will ſurely Swim away.

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